DOODY, FROM THE FOURTH.

A DOLLE WHO HAS SET THE COUR-TRY TALKING ABOUT HIM.

ot by Fistic Prowess, but by Mis Inimits ble Fun Making-There Were Three Ath. lette Leaders in the Lower Wards-New the Police Want Two and the Other is Dying-Doody's Home in Oak Street,

The era of prosperity enjoyed by the down-twn athletic clubs and boxers has only too tewn athletic clubs and boxers has only too evidently passed away, and misfortunes are descending heavily upon the sports of the Fourth, Sixth, and Seventh wards. If the existing state of affairs does not better right quickly it is feared that some of the "amateurs" may be compelled to work, or look to some means of livelihood other than amateur

The first intimation the public at large had that all was not well with the down-towners was the Lavelle-Cassidy fracas, in which the laster parted with an ear as a reward for his self-imposed task of reformation. Cassidy thought Lavelle was making too much "soin" from the club's boxers. The sturdy Captain retaliated that what he made outside the club reoms was not Cassidy's or any other "mur's" business, after which the disputants met and parted. The severed section of the ear was re-

Then followed Jack White's attack upon the renowned Patsy Doody. White is, or was, Captain of the Nonparell Athletic Club. In harsh measures, but he used his feet instead of his teeth. It must be understood that these down-town clubs are nurseries for prize fighters. In fact, almost every boxer of note in this vicinity has graduated from one of the three clubs in the story. These boxers or fighters are controlled; by the leaders of the re-spective clubs, who rent out their men's ability to "scrap" at so much per night. It is a thriving business. Sometimes the boxer gets half, but generally he has to be content with what he gets. He cannot "kick," because he would take care that he lost his amateur stand-



PATRY DOODY, ing, and with it his chance of making his "bit."

here is no call for professional fighters.

A short time ago Doody, who was formerly lieutenant of White's, took John Aiken one of the Nonparell sluggers, up the State to give an exhibition. A little money was made. of which Capt. White got none. He went on a hunt for Doody, and demanded by what right the latter trespassed on his territory. As Aiken was Doody's pupil a wordy warfare took place.

ery man, woman, child, and chick in the lower wards. He is universally popular, and his accomplishments are many and varied. It was at the Fitzaimmons-Dempsey battle at New Orleans that Patsy sprang into national prominence. While the crowd was impatiently awaiting the fighters, a slim-built young man, known only to the Eastern sports, crawled between the ropes, and without formality started a song. This was followed by a stream of jokes and dialect stories, told in the



inimitable manner New Yorkers are so familiar with. The spectators went wild, and the boxer-comedian was fairly deluged with money by the delighted crowd.

There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the food, leads on to fortune.

by the delighted erowd.

There is a tide in the afairs of men
Which, taken at the stood, leads on to fortune.

Doody had seen his chance and he reaped
his reward, for on the wires that night there
sped to all parts of the country a description
of him and his specialties, and the next morning he was 'gamous or the next best thing,
notorious. He deputed himself Andy Bowen's
manager after that, and the flasso of the Gibbons-Bowen match brought him more notoriety, even cities claimed Homer, and an
soual number of New York wards claimed
Doody. He would have had little difficulty in
being elected an Alderman at the time of his
return to the city.

Doody is a genius. With different surroundings he would have turned out a star comedian. He has a natural flow of humor that
seems endless. As an Iriah dialectician he has
ne equal—not the broad, farcical kind of the
variety stage, but a hundred and one different
characters he has run across in the downtown tensements. He is a first-rate mimic, an
exceptional dancer, at home on all instruments, askilful boxer, a dead shot, a champion swimmer, and is the life of any party he
may be in. He is funnier than half a dozen
fun makers, for his humor is of the spontancous, crisinal order, and fairly bubbles out.

Doody has had a somewhat checkered
career. He was horn in Oliver street 34 years
and has lived in the neighborhood ever
since. He has all the characteristics of the
type brought up in that locality, although he
never descenerated into the out-and-out tough. A
fighter of extraordinary skill, still he has
never been charged with being a rough.
A fighter of extraordinary skill, still he has
never been charged with being a rough.
A fighter of extraordinary skill, still he has
never been charged with being a rough
and on the emistrants, as related by a
sroup of family relatives the other night,
would furnish material for several books. The
bearders slept six in a room and a ruction between half a dozen exasperated men in the
dead of night grewto be a common o



THE COURT.

son, Paddy O'Rourke, Lew Badger, Jack Day. There was but one fault with Patay as a fighter. Owing to his weak constitution he was alraid to "stand the gaff," and he has the name of having but little "sand" on account of this dread of punishment. In a contest for scientific points he was invisuable. He was the first boxer to bring an amateur championship down town. Danny O'Brien following.

Among Doody's pupils are Sim Collins, Danny O'Brien. John McTlernan. Jerry Barnett. Tom Weish, Mike Leonard, Joe Slasson, Eddie Pierce. Jim Sweeney—in fact, nearly all the down-town fighters. He was the originator of colored boxing tournaments, and such absurdities as fighting in barrels and baga.

Doody was loyal to the old Fourth ward, and did not go outside for a wife, marrying little sate O'Conner, daughter of John O'Conner, who has been furnishing the Department of Public Works with carts for so many years that he is popularly supposed to be worth a great many thousands of dollars. The old man owns the property in Oak street in which his family and Pates and Katie live, a ramshackle old affair of two stories, with a large court from the street.

The dwelling is a frame reminiscence of fifty years ago, only to be reached from the courtyard by a craxy stairway, and a stranger at



was Doody's publi a wordy warfare took place, which White ended by smashing Doedy to the floor and jocularly kicking him in the side to impress upon him the necessity of not interfering with any of the Nonparell A. C. boxers. One of White's kicks landed upon Doody's hears, and as the latter had been for months in the poorest of health the brutality resulted in laying him at death's door.

As Doody was the manager of the Peerless Athletic Club, the three organizations were left without a leader, and the Nonparells were helped along in their downward slide by being dispossessed by an irste landlord. With the New York A. C. setting the fashion by engaging professionals for its tournaments, and the results of the march of nogress and will not build, the recent dircumstances are proving too much for the down-town boys.

Doody is known to all sporting men and every man, woman, child, and chick in the lower wards. He is universally popular, and bis socomplishments are many and varied. 'soaking' away the old stuff. Print anything you like about the old man; he'll never hear of it; he's deaf. The old woman is just as bad regarding money. If she lost a cent she'd buy a five-cent candle to find it."

Doody's wife is a sweet-faced young girl and under other circumstances would be rather pretty. She was born in the shanty and her comeliness suggests that living above a dozen stables may not be a drawback to health and beauty. Whatever may be the exterior and construction of the building, certainly the furnishings are very neat.

NOB HILL'S USELESS PALACES.

nishings are very neat.

Five Enormous Buildings Intended for Private Residences, but Unft, From the San Francisco Call.

Prom the San Francisco Cail.

A morning contemporary announces as a matter of news that Mrs. Hopkins-Bearles offers her residence on California street for sale. It might have added, as a companion item, that the Fligrim Fathers had landed on Plymouth Hock. There has been no time for many years that the Hopkins mansion on California street has not been for sale, though, if public rumor be believed, the owner has not been distracted by many offers to purchase. It is, in fact, difficult to conceive who could want to become its possessor at any price.

The spectacle of Nob Hill, with palatial piles crowing its ridge, filis the stranger who visits California with mild amazement. There are five big buildings there which were built as private residences, and are as unfit for that use as could be conceived. They were apparently modelled on the plan of the palaces of the Oid World, which were erseided to be the homes of feudal barous and all their retainers, in the middle ages every nobleman supported a swarm of dependents. He had to find quarters for them, and of course his lodgings had to be large. In our day rich men do not maintain much larger households than their neighbors. Individually they cannot occupy more than a dozen rooms, and as many will lodge all the servants they can employ. More rooms than this are of no possible use. Conceived in ostentation, their destiny is to become jumb r closets. In the old found casties of Europe the modern possessor is lost; it gives him a nightmaro to wander through a maze of rooms which are never occupied save by mice and solders, and he fees to take refuge in a bedroom and parlor at club or hotel. It must be much the same in the massions of Nob Hill.

If they have any destiny, it must be to become some day public buildings—museums or hospitals. Even for that use they would have to be donated by their owners, for the city could build suitable edifices for less money than they would cost if they were bought.

It seems odd that men with the segacity required to build a transcon

Solid Comfort at Last for Bald Heads.

The skin grafting physician of Reading Dr. Ege, who has successfully demonstrated by practical tests that it is possible to turn a black man white, has made known his real object in conducting these experiments. The Doctor does not think that there are any colored people in the world who would be foolish enough to submit to the skin-grafting torture in order to be classed with the white folks, but he does claim that thousands of bald-headed people are willing and anxious to wear a genuine head of hair. This can be accomplished by the skin-grafting process. Dr. Ege stoutly asserts that a bald head can be covered with scalp, teeming with healthy hair. He has several letters in his peacession from persons anxious to undergo the operation.

The wonderful process opens up a world of possibilities. The sensitive red-baired man could trade scalps with some black-headed person who is anxious to get rid of a cowlick. Dame Fashion might decree that polks dot was the proper caper in hair, and the new process would be a harbor for the ultra fashionable. Again, by utilizing the hide of a blue skys terrier the Fourth of July orator could make an impression upon his heaters by wildly tearing out handstall of red, white, and have hair.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

NO DIFFERENCE NOW BETWEEN GOOD AND BAD PAPER MONEY.

No Scentity Against the Modern Counterfelter's Art-New Paper Suggested. WARRINGTON, April 11.—The chief engraver of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing was seted the other day for a long while with the Treasurer of the United States. Spread before them were two silver certificates—one of regular Government issue and the other a speci men of the new \$2 counterfeit which has oc-casioned such a sensation by reason of the per-fection of its execution. After spending a full hour examining the real and the false notes

with powerful magnifying glasses, the famous expert in money designing turned to the guar-dian of Uncle Sam's cash box and said: There are no differences." To such a point, in fact, has the art of counterfeiting been developed. The work of the fraudulent money makers is no longer feebly imitative. Year after year it has grown more difficult of detection, until at last it may be said that the swindler can make as good a paper dollar as the Goverment is able to produce. A high Treasury official was asked yesterday what was the chief difficulty that a counter-

feiter had to overcome in the manufacture of a successful bank note or certificata.

"He has no difficulties to encounter," was the reply. "The last of them has been swept away by a recent invention. A while ago, although some of the most skilful engravers in the world belonged to the criminal class. their work was nevertheless invariably distinguishable from the true differences beyond the power of hands or tools to avoid. But the new photo-mechanical processes have revolu-tionized counterfeiting. With no labor worth mentioning, the camera reproduces the design of a note upon a metal plate, which, after passing through a simple etching process. simile of the original steel engraving ready to print the money from Thanks to late discoveries in photochromy, the exin precisely the proper shades is the easiest thing in the world. Here is the last report of the Chief of the Secret Service. He says: 'The genuine Government notes nowadays, especially the series of 1890, are marvels of the engraver's art, aided by the wonderful reometric lathe. One would think it impossible to successfully counterfeit such work, upon looking over the complex area of lines and patterns, and yet at this moment counterfeiters are reproducing it so perfectly that the elaborate beauty of this paper money may be said to offer no protection to the public or defence against fraud."

But how about imitating the paper?" "That is no obstacle to the counterfeiter. The special paper used by the Treasury doesn't amount to a red cent as a protection. How should it? You can buy the same stuff, acording to quality, at any stationer's. No. of ourse it lacks the threads; but of what use are they? If a note appears satisfactory in other

course it lacks the threads; but of what use are they? If a note appears satisfactory in other respects, who ever thinks of looking for the threads? Suppose, however, that one did; the swindier has several ways of supplying them. With a ruler and a fine pen, loaded with lightblue ink, he can draw them to perfection across the face of the note; or he creases the bill very hard lengthwise with his thumb nail, so that anybody who is looking for a thread will swear he sees one in the fold, the illusion being caused by a breaking of the fibre in the paper. Possibly the suspicious person may try to lift out the thread at a point with a pin. If he does, it is a hundred to one that the toughness of the paper's fibre will lead him to think the thread is there. Oh, no: the paper is no safeguard."

"What is to be done, then?"

"It's hard to say. Something has certainly got to be done when the Treasury engravers sannot tell counterleits from the work they have themselves executed. I would suggest that radical changes should be made respecting the paper on which the money is printed. Our designs are reproduced to perfection, therefore we have nothing but the paper to fall back upon. It should be made absolutely distinctive, legal enactment foroidding the manufacture of any paper like the money paper coll the Government. Each denomination of note or certificate ought to have its own special variety of this kind of paper, so that one could tell a one-dollar bill from a five by the feel merely. True, the paper could be limitated, but it is not possible to make fine paper without a bulky plant, and all factories bere and abroad would be carefully watched."

A few days ago the Secret Bervice Bureau of the Treasury received with renewed exasperation the latest production of the pen-and-ink counterfeiter. This extraordinary man, who may fairly be considered the most remarkable maker of false money known to history, must devote the greater part of his time year after year to his chose pastime. It can be nothing A few days ago the Secret Service Bureau of the Treasury received with renewed exasperation the latest production of the pen-and-ink counterfeiter. This extraordinary man, who may fairly be considered the most remarkable maker of faise money known to history, must devote the greater part of his time year after year to his chosen pastime. It can be nothing more with him, inasmuch as the remuneration is necessarily small. The wonderful thing about his imitations of United States notes is that they are executed entirely with the pen, even to the vignettes and most elaborate bogus lathe work. To produce one must require a vast deal of patience. Apparently he does about two a year, for once in six months pretty regularly a specimen makes its appearance, to the disgust of the Government detectives, it is always either a fifty or a twenty, and it is a very curious fact that no two are sent to the department here from the same city. The supposition is that the forger, as quickly as he has passed one of his works of art, changes his residence to another city. His gets rid of the note he has just completed, which may remain in circulation for some time before reaching a bank, and departs long ere the police agents have a chance to arrive upon the scene. The most plausible theory is that he is a monomaniac of means, who gratifies a morbid vanity in this way. His work bears scrutiny with the naked ers, though not with the magnifying glass.

One of the most dangerous counterieits at present extant is a bogus United States Treasury note for \$1,000. Not only are a number of the notes themselves supposed to be in circulation—five of them have been reached to his increasion, but the plates are in existence somewhere, ready to strike off millions in currency of living forgers, Charles H. Smith. He was the man who, being employed as an engraver to execute certain \$1,000 United States bonds eleven years ago, made a duplicate plate at home in the evenings, printed \$208,000 worth of the bonds, and was only caught and prevented from

. THE TRUE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

He len't a Bounder, but is a True Bokemia "The New Yorker who is pointed out as a man-about-town," said a club man, "is, if he really deserves the title. a pretty clever fellow. Very often the name is misapplied, and a man who is a familiar figure in the best known barrooms and in non-respectable resorts, who is properly a 'rounder' in the worst sense of that term, is confounded with the bright and interesting man whose intelligence and good taste place him far above the man who is compared with him. The man-about-town is aroperly a Bohemian of the highest class. He never seems out of place whether he be in a Fifth avenue drawing room or in a Water street dance hall; he is never con-taminated by his surroundings, whether these be the snotbishness and affectation of the Anglo-maniacs for the unreserved coarseness of a lot of Fourth ward toughs. He looks at everything from the standpoint of the thorough cosmopolitan—a man who understands that all sorts make up the world and who is desirous of knowing everything that is of human inter-

sorts make up the world and who is desirous of knowing sverything that is of human interest without appearing to pass judgment on anything. It is this disinclination to pose as a critic that makes him look so impassive at all times, and that gives rise to the impression that he is blast. He really isn't, and can be as jolly as an untamed school boy. He is always the best and most interesting of companions, and the least egotistical.

"Buch is the true man-about-town, and if the average man would fall in his tracks for a few days only he would realize how much there is in this big city and how much enjoyment can be gotten out of it by the inquisitive citizen. The man-about-town may be a millionaire, an artist a merchant, a newspaper man, or anything else, provided he has the instincts of his sanus. The artist and the newspaper man have naturally more epportunities to develop in this direction than men in more prosacle walks of life, but the keenest reporter may never become a mak-about-town neverless, because he may lack some necessary element in his make-up.

"Men-about-town usually recognize each other at first sight, and there is always a bond of symnathy between them. They naturally meet frequently in travelling through the hishways and byways of the town, and, curious though it may seem, they all strike about the same places. Being constantly on the hum for new features of city life, they come upon a new thing at very nearly the same time. If, however, one should be more fortunate than the rest he doesn't selfishiy keep his knowledge to himself, but imparts it to his fellow in-

THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE FAMOUS BOHEMIAN WATERING PLACE.

Town Built on the Lid of a Boiling Kettle-Where Nobility, Wealth, and Beauty Meet Every Year,

Fancy a town built on the lid of a boiling kettle—that is Carlsbad. Who first said this I am not able to tell, but all who know Carlsbad will appreciate the happy wit. And though it is but the lid of a kettle, it is a very beautiful one. It lies in the romantic valley of the Tepel and the Tepel is in Bohemia—just where its mountains rise darkly along the German fron-tier. There is beauty everywhere; the mountains look down upon the narrow little city,



CROWN PRINCESS STEPHANI. whose houses lie like beads along the rapid winding river: they hold both banks of the stream and crowd against the hills, five stories

though but two or three in the rear. tants in Carlabad: boarding houses are everywhere, as one will readily believe when told that seventy thousand guests visited the town last year. It is a thriving manufacturing place. but the real source of its prosperity is naturally its mineral springs. They lie in nearly a straight line-presumably a crack in the lid, some one suggests-and while deep boring through the calcareous crust upon which the town is built has often penetrated the vast underlying reservoir, no attempt has ever succeeded in sounding this deep cavern, from which the mineral waters find their outlet under high pressure and sometimes with amaz-

The Sprudel, the most famous 'most abundant and hottest of the Carlebad springs, after keeping for centuries its methodical way through the covered house men had set for it, took upon itself in recent years the liberty of varying the monotony of its existence, and one fine morning disappeared from its accustomed place and made for itself a new opening under the Tepel It was turned back, but it was the work of and for many rods was paved with granite blocks, clamped and cemented. The banks of the river were also celled with cement. Bo it is



A "FLOWERY" MEETING AT THE SPRUDE! fifteenth century, when Charles IV., Emperor of Austria and King of Bohemia, coming home from the wars, stumbled upon the springs and was healed of a wound he had got at Creey twelve years before. But that was not its first good turn to man, as the good people of Carlshad are inclined to have us believe, in their natural desire to connect the Carlabad discovery with the great King who gave the springs his august name; for it was called the "warm bath" long before Charles's time, and the Tepel —the "tepid"—was still an older name. But Charles made it famous, if he was not its dis-coverer, and when once he had built his palace in the town that grew up about the healing fountains, he set the fashion for royalty that royalty has never departed from. For hither came George III. in his happy time, and Peter the Great, and Maria Theresa, and a long line of Kings and kingly men. It has become the most famous of all mineral

springs and the most aristocratic watering springs and the most aristocratic watering place in Europe. Yet the town is always delightful in the thronged season, which lasts from the middle of June until the middle of August, though what is called the regular season begins earlier and lasts until the 1st of October. At the height of the season the throngs in the town are picturesae, as Carlabad is far enough to the east to gain Asiatic guests, who bring an Oriental gorgeousness to the long lines of promenaders going steadily along the colonades of the "cure house." This is one of the sights worth visiting Europe for—the long lines of slowly pacing men and women from all parts of the world, each one keeping his or her place in the line as strictly and as solemnly as one clings to his position before a railroad ticket office in some great out-of-town rush. It has its ludicrous side, too, for each one of all the promenading thousands carries an earthenware mug hanging by a strap passed around the neck: gines will not do, as the Carlabad springs are too lot for that. Bomewhere an amusing story is told of a native of Prague, who bore evidence in his person and habiliments of the off-repeated assertion that Prague is the dirtiest city in Europe. Finding one day that he had left his mug at his boarding house, he turned to the gentleman behind him, who chanced to be an I'alian duke, and said: "A drink from your mug. Mein Herr?" "It is yours," the nobleman replied, with elaborate courtesy, and presenting it silently slipped from the line. The borrower drank, and turned to give back the mug, but found the owner gone. "What westeluiness!" he murmured. place in Europe. Yet the town is always de-

to give back the mug, but found the owner gone. "What westerliness!" he murmured, pathetically.

But men of all sorts touch elbow here, and with frankness and courtesy in the main. One's mind returns and returns to them and women Goethe came often, and always with advantage to himself. His first visit was in 1785, when he passed a pleasant month in the company of Herder. Frau von Stein, and the Duohess I oulse. It was Herder who had led him away from the false methods of the French school and brought to his notice Ossian, the Hebrew poets. The Vicar of Wakefield." and Shakespeare. Indeed. Carlsbad and its society seem to have had a weighty influence upon his life, for it was while at the springs in the following year that he conceived his well-known scheme of stealing away and going to Italy and Greece for quiet study—a journey that here great results for literature.



DRIVING UP THE MOUNTAIN. Goethe returned for fourteen seasons; Schil-er spent his Loneymoon there, and Beethoven leased the guests by playing a fantasia at a harity conert pleased the guests by histing the charity concert.

It was only about a century ago that strong protests began to be made against excessive drinking at all watering places. It was an additional horror that the water could not be drunk in the open air, as it now is, but was taken in a warm room, where the effect must

have been decidedly like taking water in a Turkish bath.

At first the drinking was alternated with bathing; seven days of one, then seven of the other; but the present system gradually came into use. That any such important medical aid as is now found in the valuable Sprudel salt could come from the springs the first believers in Carisbad were profoundly ignorant. The townspeople were strongly opposed to the preparation and sale of this salt, which was first prepared in 1768, as they teared it would do away with the necessity for visitors seming to Carisbad, and the about objection became so strong that for several years the mabulacture cessed altogether. Finally an set was passed by the Government permitting the exportation of the salt, and the people gradually gave up their prejudice, finding that visitors were really attracted by the greater knowledge obtained of the salt, and the people gradually gave up their prejudice, finding that visitors were really attracted by the greater knowledge obtained of the salt, Bo great was the demand for the Sprudel salt that in 1888 new salt works were srected. The works were again callarged in 1878 and are now undergoing further enlargements.

The natural Carisbad Sprudel salt, which is

in 1878 and are now undergoing further enlargements.

The natural Carlebad Sprudel sait, which is obtained from the water of the Sprudel spring by evaporation, is an annoid, elightly laxuitive, and diuretic remedy, and, if taken in doses of a ceapoonful, is a zentle but effective purgative, it is taken in ordinary water, or as an addition to the Carlebad mineral waters, for the purpose of increasing their effect. In cases of persons suffering from poorness of blood (anomnic condition) with constitution, very gratifying results are obtained by the use of the sait given in doses of one-half teaspoonful or one teaspoonful in four or six ounces of hot water, an hour before such meal. For chronic catarrh of the stomach, liver complaint, bile, and simple aundios, one teaspoonful of the sait dissolved in warm Carlebad Sprudel water or ordinary hot water before breakfast will-be found invaluable.



promenade at the Muhlbeunn, ible and passes into the blood of the body with facility. The fact that the Carisbad saits (powder form) cause the elimination of the products of the increased metamorphosis of tissue indicates that it has, medicinally, a very wide range. It is used with great advantage in many stomach disorders, as an excess of acid is undoubtedly relieved by it. The indigestion of obese or fatty persons is usually cured by Carisbad sait. Where exidation is deficient, as in the well-known bilious state, relief is quickly afforded, and in cases of chronic rheumatism and rheumatic gout good results are obtained. The Carisbad Sprudel sait, obtained by evaporation from the hot Sprudel spring, is best taken during the spring and summer months. Buyers are cautioned that none are genuine without the signature of "Eisner & Mendelson Co., New York, Sole Agents for the United States," on the neck of every bottle and on the outside carton.—Adv.

SONS,

BROADWAY AND DRIGGS ST., BROOKLYN.

Our large assortment of choice

Embraces every variety of Axminsters, Wiltons, Gobelins, Moquettes, elvets, Brussels, Tapestries, and Ingrains in new and attractive designs at moderate prices.

Our Special line of Patterns withirawn from our regular stock indudes the following very inviting display:

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At 60c. Per Yard:

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All Special Patterns (Ingrains excepted) are sold at advertised figures, with 5-8 borders, and direct to consumers only.

A SPECIALTY.

OPEN EVENINGS.

The following lines of cars pass our doors: Broadway, Reid av. Sumner av., Tompkins av., Nostrand av. and Crosslown. Driggest. L station on our corner.

Our New York patrons may readily reach us by Brooklyn Bridge and Union L cars to Driggs street station on our corner, or by ferries from Roosevelt st., Grand st., and East 23d st. to Broadway, Brooklyn.

THEY MOVED MRS. DUNN,

But With a Borrowed Horse, and Got into No End of Trouble Thereby. William Walsh, John Devaney, and James Morgan were arraigned yesterday in the General Sessions before Judge Cowing upon an indictment charging them with burglary in the third degree in breaking into Heman E. Herrington's stable at 413 West Twelfth street

indietment charging them with burglary in the third degree in breaking into Heman E. Herrington's stable at 413 West Twelfth street on April 4 and stealing a horse. Waish pleaded guilty, but Devaney and Morgan demanded a trial. So Judge Coving sent Waish back to the prisoners box to await the result of the trial of his co-defendants.

Lawyer Robert H. Racey, in his opening for the defence. said that he would show before the closed the defence that Devaney and Morgan ought to be commended rather than convicted. Waish, he said, it he had had counsel, would not have pisaded guilty.

Mary Dunn testified that she and her husband'who was out of work, were served with a anotice that they were to be disposses-sed from their rooms in West Sixtic his rest on April 2 for non-payment of tent. She found now reoms in West Thritish street, but had no money with which to have her furniture moved. She met Walsh, whom she knew, and told him her troubles.

"All right," he said, good naturedly: "I'll see you through, and you'll be moved in great style, and it won't cost you a penny. Go home and I'll be along rooth."

Bo she went home, and, about 8 o'clock. Waish, Devaney and Morgan appeared at her door with a horse and truck, and then carried her furniture down from the fifth floor and backed it ou the truck and she and her husband rode on the load then new rooms.

Lawyer Rucey called Walsh from the prisoners box. Walsh testified that he had known Herrington for a long while, so he thought that he could take the liberty of borrowing his horse to help Mrs. Dunn in her trouble, He. Devaney and Morgan had been dripking a good deal, When they found Herrington's stable fastened, he broke the pallock and got the horse. They found a truck laid up for the pight in the street near by, and hitched the horse to it and moved Mrs. Dunn. Then they returned the truck to the place where they found it and were about to nut the horse back in his stall when they were arrested.

"You have pleaded guilty, Walsh, have you not?" asked Lawyer Rucey." I h

think there is an entire absence of evil intent on their part. I believe that they had no other purpose than to help this pear we man in her distress, and I think that they have suffered enough for their mistaken but not criminal zeal. I abandon the case, your honor.

"I agree with you. Mr. Lynn. "aid index Cowing," that there is no evidence to instity a conviction, because there is no condustry proof of criminal intent. I advise you gentlemen of the jury, to acquit the defendants.

"Now, Walsh, Devaney, and Morgan," added Judge Cowing. "let your experience here he profitable one. The next time your humanity prompts you to help Mrs, Dunn or Mrs, anybody else to move, do not berrow a horse or truck without asking the owner's permission."

PROGRESS IN COSTA RICA.

The Little Republic Forging Ahend-In-migrants from Chicago. PORT LIMON, Costa Rica. March 20. - Beturning after an absence of several m nths. 1 and a great many improvements at this 10°t. The completion of the railroad up to the capital has, of course, wrought a great change. The has, of course, wrought a great change. The streets of the little town have been filled and made both higher and dryer. Much clearing away of swampy woods back of the ter have been accomplished, and this has had the clear to alter the climate percentibly, rendering it much cooler by permitting uninterrented wind sween. The nights it ware comoutably cool, and where one a few mouths are conditably cool, and where one a few mouths are conditably cool, and where one a few mouths are conditably cool, and where one a few mouths are conditably cool, and where one a few mouths are conditably cool, and where one a few mouths are conditably cool, and where one a few mouths are conditably cool, and where one a few mouths are conditably stream indicable by many who have lived here for years.

The moral as well as the physical afformation of climate is noticeable by many who have lived here for years.

The moral as well as the physical afformation of the moral as well as the physical afformation of the five and the five and the worship. There is a marked decrease in crue of a catholics also are soon to have a place of worship. There is a marked decrease in crue moral physical afformation of a last of the five and the worship. There is a marked decrease in crue moral by safe in this respect.

On landing yesterlay I met the Nicarama Canal Company's Costa lilea rear escalations the wharf, where he was presaring to contact and the wharf, where he was presaring to contact and the wharf, where he was presaring to contact and for a cablegram calling him thictor I and not much time to take with him but gas neat the moral canal company to got allows the first the party of excursionists and said respectively of excursionists and said respectively. The cape we have come down to I contact under the leadership of Mr. Troeger of the American leage, who have come down to I contact under the leadership of Mr. Troeger o

before many days.

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